

It is better to collect your thoughts than to borrow other people's.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Lead Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Drugists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A.S. Olmsted, LeBoys, N.Y.

Some men are so easy-going that after awhile they cease to go at all.



Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., escaped the surgeon's knife, by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."
Miss Alice Bailey, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga. —\$2000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

Every housewife gloats over finely starched linen and white goods. Conceit is justifiable after using Defiance Starch. It gives a stiff, glossy whiteness to the clothes and does not rot them. It is absolutely pure. It is the most economical because it goes farthest, does more and costs less than others. To be had at all grocers at 10 oz. for 10c.

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO., OMAHA, NEB.

UMC.

Millions of U. M. C. Shot Shells are sold each year. They are made in the largest cartridge factory in the world.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Your dealer sells them. Catalog sent upon request.

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat, and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All drugists sell them.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

The Rev. Ekai Kawaguchi, whose narrative of personal adventure in Tibet, "The Latest News from Lhasa," will be one of the more important articles in the January Century, is a priest of the Zen sect of Buddhists, now thirty-eight years of age. He was born in Sakai, near Osaka, studied at the Temple of the Five Hundred Kakan in Tokio, and prosecuted his Sanskrit studies under the Rev. Bunyu Nanjio of the Imperial University. He entered the priesthood at the age of twenty-five and was attached to the Obkai Temple at Uji. After seven years in holy orders he started on his journey to Tibet, his sole object, as he explains in his narrative, to complete his studies of Buddhism. He declares also his intention of revisiting Nepal during 1904, to secure more collections of Buddhist scriptures in Sanskrit and also the Tibetan edition of the Tripitaka.

The man who would retain his friends should not fail to remember that there are a great many things he should forget.

\$36.00 per M. Lewis' "Single Binder," straight 5c cigar, costs more than other brands, but this price gives the dealer a fair profit—and the smoker a better cigar. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It takes a lot of cold cash to melt a marble heart.

When you attempt to strike a match in the dark the head is always on the other end.

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

A Remarkable Family Likeness.
A curious example of family likeness has been noticed at Amsterdam, where an interpreter persisted in recognizing an English guest who arrived at a certain hotel. It seemed, however, impossible that the Englishman could be known to the native. The latter shortly afterward accompanied the visitor to the state museum, where Pineman's picture of the battle of Waterloo is shown and there he perceived the cause of his mistake. General Lord Exbridge, who is represented in the painting, was exactly like the English gentleman who finally proved to be his lordship's grandson.

State Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co., of S. Omaha, Neb. is one of the most successful farm insurance companies in the West. Organized 1895, has \$20,000,000 insurance in force. Issues a perpetual policy that does not expire just before a fire. Annual meeting Jan. 12, 1904. We want live Agts. B. R. STOUFFER, Sec'y. T. B. HOLMAN, Pres.

Mary Johnston's Pirates in England.
Among all the novelists who have written of pirate ships and their bloodthirsty commanders, it remains for a young American novelist, Miss Mary Johnston, to be singled out by the London Sphere, in its latest issue, for mention in connection with a double-page pirate picture. "Among recent novelists," says the Sphere, "Miss Mary Johnston has drawn some very vivid pictures of life on a pirate vessel," and forthwith reproduces an extra from "To Have and to Hold," which, by the way, was published in England by the title "By Order of the Company."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All drugists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It's the worker who succeeds in life—not the fellow who is worked.

Yes, Alonzo, by all means marry a girl who can swim; she will realize the importance of keeping her mouth shut.

Perfectly simple and simply perfect is dyeing with PUTNAM FADLESS DYES.

The people who are always looking for bargains seldom get rich as quickly as those who offer them.

Take care of your enemies, and your friends will take care of themselves.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?
If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

The claims to wisdom of owls and a multitude of men rest upon their looks and nothing more.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 15 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

A Sign of Old London.
One of the signs pictured in Julian King Colford's "The Signs of Old London" in the January St. Nicholas has peculiar interest for all Americans. What is called "The Crown and Three Sugar Loaves" was the sign of the historic house which exported to America the celebrated chests of tea that went into Boston Harbor in December, 1773, the first over act of rebellion in the Revolution. While the contest gave America her independence, and set aside the rule of George III., it did not overthrow the business of the oldest tea house in Great Britain. The business is carried on today in the same old place as in Revolutionary times. Its sign—the sign of "The Crown and Three Sugar Loaves"—has survived the tress of age and storm and fire. The Great Fire of London swept within half a block of the shop, but the old sign itself reigns today.

up in flaming red bandanna handkerchiefs—the redder the better—and with a white handkerchief crossed upon their breasts.

They came in groups, and each party of huskers from a neighboring plantation was announced long before it arrived by the well-known tunes prevalent in those days floating down the road and over the fields as the happy boys and women hastened to the gathering. A favorite tune was this:

Yes, we's gwine to de shuckin',
Yes, we's gwine to de shuckin',
We's gwine to de shuckin' of de co'n.
An' we'll be dar in de mo'nin',
An' we'll be dar in de mo'nin',
We'll be dar in de mo'nin', shuah as yo's bo'n.

As soon as the darkies were all assembled the oldest slave present went to "ole massa" and begged a piece of silver money. This was always expected, and a plantation owner would soon have thought of having a "juckin'" without corn as to be unprepared to produce the bit of silver on the first evening.

Taking this piece of silver, the ancient darky returned to the field and there performed a ceremony, the exact meaning of which has not come down to us. Whetting his jack knife upon the silver, he solemnly pronounced an invocation for a bountiful crop of corn the following year. And it is doubtful if the "ole massa" would have been any more willing to allow the husking to proceed without this kindly prayer than would his white-haired servant, by who's means thus once a year stood in the attitude of high priest to the family he served.

After the preliminary prayer the "12 wise men" were chosen, and their first duty was to select two of the brownest negroes in the company, who, when called out, with much pride at their distinction, indulged in a good humored contest of strength, which was known as "rasslin' fo' de Capt'n." The victor became the master of ceremonies and upon him devolved the duty of seeing that no one shirked in work or entertainment.

The matter of the Captaincy being decided, the 12 wise men chose four big fellows, who formed a "pack saddle" by crossing their hands, the Captain was elevated upon it and carried half a dozen times around the heaps of corn while the darkies sang this melody or something akin to it:

When our darkey's am done
Don't we darkey's hab a time;
When our darkey's am done
Don't we darkey's cut a shine?

Back to our cabin we will go,
Back in the early mo'nin',
But we'll be here in de ev'nin',
To do de shuckin' of de co'n.

Then the corn shucking proper began. Stacks of fuel had been placed at intervals of a few yards near the corn, and after they had been lighted, under the supervision of the "12 wise men," the fun began. As the corn was husked it was thrown into piles and would be hauled away in the morning. Twelve workers were selected for each heap of unhusked corn, and, as back in New England, the "red ear" was eagerly sought for, but with a different purpose. When a man got it he hid it at a big nigger's head, and if he hit the mark the unfortunate darky would not "marry for 10 years." If by shrewd dodging he missed it his happiness would be crowned within the year. If a dusky belle secured a

Our Greeting to the Youngster Year.

As does the child come into life—
So cometh the bright New Year,
'Tis born a simple untold birth
With joy, good will, and cheer.

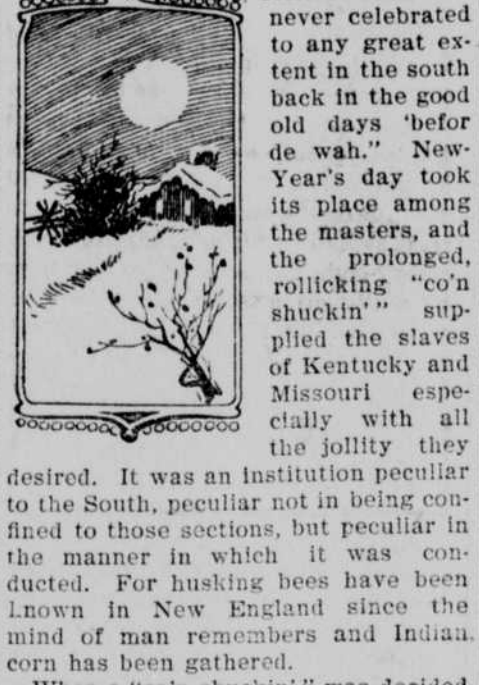
The Old Year sighs—ne'er bids adieu
As he turns his last worn page,
His work is done—His life is o'er—
Alas, one year of age.

How many hearts are sad, forlorn—
How many prayers are said—
"May the New Year take from us our grief
To give us joy instead."

We know not what the young babe holds
For us—we cannot see,
We only greet with open arms—
The Youngster—1903.

—Jewett Clarke.

SHUCKIN' DE CO'N



CHRISTMAS was never celebrated to any great extent in the south back in the good old days 'befor de wah.' New Year's day took its place among the masters, and the prolonged, rollicking "co'n shuckin'" supplied the slaves of Kentucky and Missouri especially with all the jollity they desired. It was an institution peculiar to the South, peculiar not in being confined to those sections, but peculiar in the manner in which it was conducted. For husking bees have been known in New England since the mind of man remembers and Indian corn has been gathered.

When a "co'n shuckin'" was decided upon notices were sent out to the slaves of all adjoining plantations stating that on a certain night Judge S. or Squire B. would give a corn shucking of so many thousand bushels, and that all colored people, male and female, were invited to attend. Great preparations were made by "ole massa" and "ole missus" for this event, for, while he expected a good night's work in the shape of wagon loads of yellow corn, pleasure was to be the main part of the program.

Supper was always provided on a large scale, and generally consisted of two or three roasted pigs, turkeys, chickens, with side dishes of vegetables in equal proportion. Bushels of sweet potatoes were baked, boiled and fried, and hundreds of rich golden pumpkin pies were turned out of the ovens, done to a mouth-watering brown.

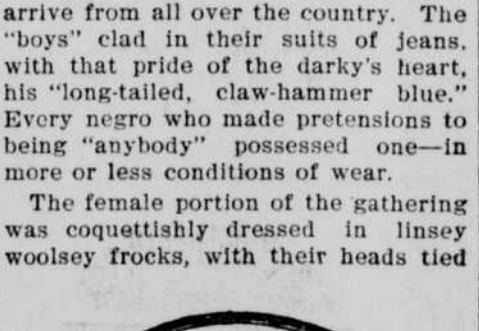
A band of musicians was engaged, for no "co'n shuckin'" would be complete without it. On those nights negroes worked not happily save to the twanging of the banjo and wailing of the fiddle.

A corn shucking always lasted three nights continuously on one plantation, and then the negroes moved on to the next, where three more were devoted to the corn of the owner, and so on until all the maize of the neighborhood had been husked.

About twilight the darkies began to arrive from all over the country. The "boys" clad in their suits of jeans, with that pride of the darky's heart, his "long-tailed, claw-hammer blue." Every negro who made pretensions to being "anybody" possessed one—in more or less conditions of wear.

The female portion of the gathering was coquetishly dressed in linsey woolsey frocks, with their heads tied

"WON'T MARRY FOR TEN YEARS"



THE DAY FOR RESOLUTIONS.
The first day of the new year. What an hour for resolutions; what a moment for prayer! If you have sins in your bosom, cast them behind you now. In the last year God has blessed us; blessed us all. On some his angels waited, robed in white, and brought new joys; here a wife to bind men closer yet to Providence; and here a child, a new Messiah, sent to tell of innocence and heaven. To some his angels came clad in dark livery, veiling a joyful countenance with unpropitious wings, and bore away child, father, sister, wife or friend. Still they were angels of good Providence, all God's own; and he who looks aright finds they also brought a blessing, but concealed and left it, though they spoke no word of joy. One day our weeping brother shall find that gift and wear it as a diamond on his breast.—Exchange.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR
BY TENNYSON

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low.
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
I've had so laugh and cry with you,
We'd lift a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door,
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Some New Year's Lore.
New Year's Day has been celebrated ceremoniously ever since the days of the classic Romans. January is named for the old Roman god, who was supposed to have two faces—one that looked forward and the other that looked back. The face that looked back looked at the receding years, while the other looked at the new one just begun.

Many old proverbs exist regarding this season of the year. Among them are:
"If the grass grows in January
It grows the worse for all the year."
"A January spring is worth nothing."
"Under water death, under snow bread."
"March in January, January in March."
"If January calends be summerly gay
'Twill be January weather till calends of May."
Sitting up till midnight to see the new year in is the custom of many countries. Good resolutions were registered most solemnly at this hour among the people of olden times, who observed this custom most strictly. After the serious moment had passed there was a great shaking of hands and drinking healths of the favorite old beverage called wassail. Wassail was a strong drink of many spices, several kinds of wines, fruits and eggs.

First Exchange of Gifts.
One of the most prominent customs of New Year's and one concerning which history has much to say is that of giving many and costly presents. As a gift giving festival it seems to have outrivaled Christmas in the old times. For a long time in England it was customary to give gloves or glove money on New Year's day. The uniformity of this scheme seems strange. But in those days gloves were rather expensive and had to be made entirely by hand. They were also quite a necessary part of one's apparel. Hence the general custom.

Where Bananas Come From.
Of the \$1,636,172 worth of bananas which came into New York city within the last year, 2,862,000 bunches were from the British West Indies, 1,152,000 bunches from Costa Rica, \$77,000 from Colombia and 355 from Cuba. They pay no duty.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A big heart, usually goes with a big body, but a big head rarely does.

Real Glass House Now Built.
Glass houses of a very substantial kind can now be built. Silesian glass-makers are turning out glass bricks for all sorts of building purposes.

A Rare Good Thing.
"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet." Mrs. Matilda Holtvert, Providence, R. I.
Sold by all Drugists, 25c. Ask to-day.

Greenland is Thawing Out.
The ice in Greenland is melting more rapidly than it is formed. Comparisons of the descriptions of the Jacobshaven glacier shows that its edge has reached eight miles since 1850, and it has lost twenty thirty feet in depth.

No chromos or cheap premiums, but a better quality and one-third more of Defiance Starch for the same price of other starches.

The world suspects that a man is in love before he knows it himself.

One of the curious things about a man who wants to borrow money from you today is his eager determination to repay it tomorrow.

A Texas preacher says that some newspaper men's only chance of getting into heaven is on a press ticket.

House-keeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Oldest Librarian in England.
Deleucana Lothrop Bingham, who has had charge of the public library at Manchester-by-the-Sea for more than twenty years, has just celebrated his 82nd birthday. He is said to be the oldest librarian in New England.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 5, 1904.

It is easy to induce a friend to laugh at your jokes, but he doesn't always do it in a satisfactory manner.

Good Things to Sell.
James Stillman, president of the National City bank of New York, is a man of few words, but he makes those few count. A famous tip that he is said to have given a friend two months ago has leaked out in Wall street. The friend in question wrote to him, asking him for advice concerning the market. He had \$500.00 and wanted to make it a million. Here is the reply of Mr. Stillman, written in lead pencil on a sheet of paper 3x4: "Polo ponies, steam yachts and Newport villas are the best short sales in the world."

After having traveled hundreds of miles to wed Charles F. Bateman, a railroad yardmaster of Butte, Mont., Edna Armstrong, 24 years old, organist of the O'Bryanville Methodist church, in a Cincinnati suburb, has returned to her parents' home. She discovered the true state of her feelings soon after she boarded a train with her admirer, and she burst into tears before the city limits of Cincinnati were passed. But she kept on traveling, though she cried all the way to Chicago, where she and Bateman were to wed. Then Detroit was decided upon as the scene of their wedding. "But when we got there," says Miss Armstrong, "Charlie was so discouraged at the way I had acted that he bought me a ticket and sent me back home."

Mr. Grover's Case.
Frederika, Ia., Dec. 28.—Mr. A. S. Grover is now 74 years of age. For the last 30 years he has suffered a great deal of sickness and, although he is a temperate man and never used spirits of any kind, his kidneys had troubled him very much. He said:
"I was told I had Diabetes and my symptoms corresponded exactly to those of a young man who died of Diabetes in this neighborhood. My feet and limbs were bloated quite a little."
"I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and at last determined to try them. I took in all ten boxes before I was well and now I can truthfully say that I am all right. The bloating is gone from my feet and legs. I have gained eight pounds in weight and can sleep well at night and every symptom of my trouble is gone."
"It is some time now since I was cured and I have not the slightest return of any symptom of the old trouble."

Perhaps the time will come when the intelligence of the people will make politics unprofitable.

In order to be popular forget to say a good deal.